

"Pretty girls are a delusion, Vin-

cent," he answered, with an attempt to

laugh. "I have no more use for them,

and yet perhaps I do her an injustice,"
he added slowly, as if thinking alond.
"Tell me about her, George," I said;
"an outsider may help you with an impartial view of the case."

"If I were only sure the fault was

bers I would force myself to forget her. It is the doubt that keeps up the pair," he said. "Yes, I will tell you about it, Vincent," he added after a pause; "it

graduated from the medical college I

had nothing in the world to begin life on

except my opcoma," he began, "but I

graduated with honor, and I thought I

had as good a prospect of success as any

young fellow with plenty of pluck and energy and a solid profession to back him. I determined not to fall in love

trutil I had a position secured, but I did,

and that is how the trouble began. She

was an American girl and her father

was rich; very rich, I suppose, for he had taken a hunting lodge in Scotland for the summer and kept it filled with

gay company. It was there I met Mary. My good old Scotch uncle has an estate

near the lodge, and I went to visit him

"You know how young people are

thrown together in a country place;

there were rastic dances, hunting parties

and moonlight picuies on the lake, and

Mary and I were always together. I had but little chance to see her alone, but what chance I did have I made the

thost of, for I was desperately in love. She was shy and shrinking, but still I

thought she cared for me. I was sorely

perplexed, for I had nothing but love to

ffer her, but youth is rash and confi-

dent, and one night when a happy soci-dent left me alone with her I asked her

to be my wife. She put her little hand

mine and we were very happy. Vin-

ent, I have never seen her since that

night. I went the next morning to ask

her father's consect to our marriage; he

efuend to see me, and the next day the

family was gone. Bome weeks after-ward I received a cold, formal letter

from her father stating that his daughter

had told him of our interview; that she

regretted her hasty acceptance of my

offer and bidding me think of her no

Now you know the whole story,"

said the doctor, rising and walking

nervously back and forth in the smoking

room. "There is very little to it, but

there is quite enough to break my faith

in women. Life on shore became intol-erable and I took this position."

"You are wrong, George, to talk about your faith in women being broken," I said; "you have no proof whatever that

this strl was false to you. I can see too,

"I know nothing about it," he said morelly. "If I had a word, only one

word, directly from her I should know

"How could she give it to you?" I

wheat. "If she was false and wished to reak with you her father would en-

urage her to write you such a message

est if she still clong to you be would

covent all communication of conre-

I never thought of that. You may

May I sak the father's name? I said. 'Don't tell me if you profer to keep it a

Her name is Mary Mary Mason," he

replied seawering me indirectly and speaking the name clowly, as if he invest the sound of it. "The family lives in

that you do not believe it yourself, "

what to think."

after finishing my studies.

will be a relief to tell somebody. "I have already told you that when

HAIL TO THE EASTER MORN!

With quick'ning thrill the whole carth giowal gray clouds redden as the ress, thy sky palphiates with day, drawny night tide oble away— Hail to the Easter moral

prayer and fast and Leaten glos soul h hid to find some bloom m of peace this bleet day bringed on who yearne all nature sings Hall to the Easter mora!

h, ye gind with Christian faith, to word the Ember math— et sin can boast the soul by him who maketh whole!

HARRIST MAXWELL CORV

DR. NORWOOD'S BRIDE

STORY FOR THE SASTER TIME BY

traveler sees and hears many queer from experience,

for I have been a commercial traveler for twenty years. The most touching bit of romance that ver came under my notice is the love

se to Europe frequently. Every sea one steamer year after year, as one while at the small discomforts, and et coming to regard them as old

The steamer upon which I always weeled was a roller. We often wonod when she was at her tantrums if would roll clean over and spill us before she righted, but she never

I had gone back and forth on the ship often that I had won the confidence of the captain, and he would at times send from his official dignity to tell some yarn of the sen. The doctor and the purser were my intimate friends, est of all the ship's people Dr. George Serwood was my favorite. He was e, not over thirty, although he had on the liner for three years.

I noticed that there was often a sad aprention on his face. One night when he see was calm under the weight of a y fog and the ship was feeling her slowly and steadily I found him restionly up and down the deck. ng back and forth like a polar bear

a sage. He turned and looked at me. I had ed before.

"Fortishmen, rank feeledmen! I aght to be ashemed of myself," he said. hop, smiling: "Come to the smoking m and have a nigar before we turn No me to try to sleep anyway with

dectric lights, and as we sat down four elle sounded. For a wonder, at that arly hour, the place was deserted.

"Decree, nabedly is season's tomight, and there are lots of pretty girls in the sale. Why den't yest go down and sale, where it agreeable! You leak as I you needed a tomic of some kind, and here is nothing better than a pretty

"Take my advice, George, and try no to brood over the matter. There i nothing so futile as regret," I said. "It came up one's courage to go ahead and does neathing but mischief. Come, let us take a brink walk on deck before we

The fog was lifting and stars were incomering faintly. The ocean was be-inning to heave in long swells and ralking on the roller was not an easy natter. We soon gave it up.

In trath, I was not inclined the conversation further. Traveling on the Continent the year before, I had met the Masons, of Bultimore, and had some acquaintance with them; enough to know the character of the people. I had almost forgotten them, but it all came back to me now—the pompeus, purse proud father, the ambi-tious mother and the paie, listiese, silent daughter. I had no doubt that she was pining for her young English sweet-heart. She looked like it, but that did not help matters any. At the time I knew the family it was reported that she was soon to marry a French count, who was always with her, and by this

who was always with her, and by this time she was probably beyond the reach of my young friend the doctor.

After that voyage I did not see George Norwood for months. The next time I crossed the water circumstances compelled me to start suddenly, and I missed my favorite steamer. But I did come me ou her.

In the hurry and confusion of getting on board I saw the doctor for an instant only, but when the ship was well out to see and the bustle of sailing day was over, I went to the smoking room to find him. He was not there; neither was he in his steroom, and I sat down on the deck alone. The spell of the sea had cast hold of me, and I was lost in thought, when a hand fell softly on my shoulder. "Come to my room, Vincent; I have something to tell you," said the doctor.

I followed him down the deck and below to his cabin. When he closed his door and nervously snapped up the elec-tric light I saw that he was greatly agi-

"Vincent, Mary is on board this ship," be said. "Is it possible?" I exclaimed. I did

not know what else to say. "Yes," he went on, "she and her father and her mother and a maid are passengers, homeward bound. They have the two largest staterooms amidships. I saw

their names in the passenger list."

The mechanical, hard way in which be stated these details was startling. "Have you seen her?" I asked.

"Probably not. How should they?
The name of the ship's doctor is not likely to interest them. I had to tell you, that you might understand my absence from the smoking room. Mason will probably spend his time there and I cannot meet him. You will always find me here, and if you see Mary I beg you tell me if she looks well and happy. Even to know that would be a consola-

It was evident that the young girl was Mary Mason still, which was a point gained for the doctor, I thought.

The next morning I watched the face that gathered around the breakfast ta-ble, but a stiff January gale was blowing and the roller was up to her wildest pranks. Only a few hardened sea travelers were out. I spent considerable time with the doctor, but I had no news to give him, and he was moody and silent. It was not until the third day out,

when the storm had passed and the sea was calm, that I saw Mr. Mason. He was sitting in the cubin. He did not recognize me, and I did not speak to him, but I noticed how old and worn and weary he looked. It was not the weariness of seasickness, but more as if some great anxiety was weighing heavily upon him. That evening I was sitting with th

doctor when a message came that he was wanted in haste in the cabin. He went immediately, and I followed him. shall never forget the scene. They had brought Mary Mason from her stateroom and laid her on a lounge, but she was feeble and the exertion was too much for her. She had fainted. Her mother and the maid were bending over her, both weeping, and her father stood near, his strong old face working with emo-tion. As he saw Norwood he started violently, but the doctor paid no attention. He knelt down by the side of the fainting girl and examined her carefully. Then, looking up at her mother with an encouraging smile, he said:

She has only fainted. It is nothing serious and she will be all right soon."

He worked over ner tenderly and in few moments she began to revive. Then, giving careful directions and begging them to call him if the attack was repeated, he slipped away.

I could not stay until she recognize me, Vincent," he said, "the shock might have been too much for her. She is very much changed, so pale and so thin," he

We were in his room and he had scarcely spoken when Mr. Mason ap-peared. He grasped the doctor's hand and held it for a moment in silence.

'Dr. Norwood, she is a very sick child," he began, his voice breaking in spite of his efforts to be calm.



THE DOCTOR STROTE TO CALK BUE.

He broke town and sobbed like a LORE OF THE DAY

The decter show to calm him.

"Do not be aligned, my dear sir," he said quietly, albough his own voice trembled, "I see no reason for deepsir.

Such cases of welcom in a young girl are not uncomme, and they are not necessarily fatal. If you will kindly

The old man interripted him. "Save her," he cried; "bring back the reses temy girl's cheeks, and there is nothing I have to give that shall not be yours.

"I will save her, so help me God?"

said Norwood solemity.

I never saw George Newcood so alert as he was in the days that followed. An eager, determined look was on his face that showed me his prefessional skill was being taxed to the utmost. I saw very little of him, for he was rarely away from Marrie side. She did improve from Mary's side. She did improve wonderfully during those few days. The morning we steamed up New York har bor Norwood took me to the cabin and presented me to Mary as his best friend. She was still very pale and weak, but as she greeted me her face was bright with les. After all, there is no me in the whole wide world like love!

in the whole wide world like love!

"This is my last voyage, Vincent, but you will hear from me again," said the doctor as he left me at the pier, and I did hear before many days. Pirst it was a glowing account of Mary and her returning health; then a request to be best man at the wedding, and early in April came the cards. The marriage was to take place during the Easter holidays.

I never saw a more brilliant wedding.

Palms, green and waving, turned the stately church into a dream of the tropics, and the chancel was a solid bank of violets and aralens, pink and white. But in all this markets. in all this perfume and beauty the purest, sweetest flower was the fair bride, blush-

ing under her flowing veil.

The roses of happiness had come back to her cheeks with the blooming of the Easter lilies.

The Date of Easter.

What fixes the date of Easter each rear, and why isn't it, like Christmas, the same date every year? Easter is the first Sunday after the full moon that occurs on or next after March 21, and if the full moon fall on the 21st Easter is the next Sunday. Of course, if the date were the same each year, the day would be Sunday only ence in six years. Some of the early Christians did fix the date in this way, while others used the pres-

"Have you seen her?" I naked.

"No, I have not seen any of them. I do not intend to. It is easy enough to keep out of their way," he said, curling bis lip.

"The seen her?" I naked.

"No, I have not seen any of them. I brought by Constanting thought oil of Nice, and it was evidently thought best that the anniversary of the event which changed the Subbath from the seventh day of the week to the first day, the seen the two days. then in use, selected for the whole church the method which would bring Easter always on Sundays. Since that decision Easter cannot full earlier than March 29 nor later than April 25 in any year. These dates are called the "Easter limits." Easter occurred on March 22, 1818, but cannot come again on that day until 2285,



Mrs. Muslin-I was really quite conerned for you this morning during the Easter sermon, Mrs. Poplin.

Mrs. Poplin-Indeed. How so? Mrs. Muslin-I was so afraid that you couldn't hear well. You see, your sitting is so far back of my pew.

Mrs. Spangle—Did you notice Mrs. Muslin's Easter bonnet? Mrs. Bangle-Yes, I saw what it was. but I wouldn't notice it.

The Puritons and the Mormons. President Ellot's eastern friends seem badly aggrieved over his recent address at Salt Lake. It was very wrong, they declars, to liken the Pilgrim Fathers to the Marmons. I agree with them. The Murmon elders may have errod on the subject of matrimony, but, so far as I have been able to learn, they never burned witches at the stake. Brigham burned witches at the stake. Srigham Young's disciples also massacred a few acttlers from the cost and perhaps a few Indians; but they soldow descended to the cold blooded fleedishness of the Puritons, as shown in their treatment of the New Hughard natives. Both left their native bonnes to merges "freedom of conscience," but the Puritans, I am told, its not bear with the massacret for did not have quite the same regard for the conscioness of their neighbors. The bestimony of Rager Williams on this point snight in interesting.—Cor. New York Adverting.

tenbe mared by Pre. Miles' Nervies.

PRETTY LEGEND OF THE EGG

Easter Did Not Originate with Christianity - Its General Observance Abroad-Easter Customs.

A wholly religious observance, as Easter now is, it did not originate with Christianity. It was one of the four season feetivals, dedicated to spring, named for the Saxon goddess Eastre and devoted to invocations in behalf of vegetation and feetivals or rejoicing for the rebirth of the year. The poetic suggestion was adopted by the Christians in the First century, and as early as 162 was the source of occlematical controversy as to its true time and mode of celebration. The Passover, as a feature of the celebration, was the first bone of contention. The decision to ignore it was given at the great council of Nice in \$25. Not till the Fourteenth century in \$25. Not till the Fourteenth century



was the Easter date axed by the elitt

was the Easter date ared by the edict of Pope Gragory KIII, and even them it continued a "movable feast."

The earliest Christians kept the Friday following the Passover date as a peculiarly solemn crucifixien fast or vigil, representing the lying in the tomb of our Lord, and celebrated the Resurrection on the following Sunday, after which the featival was treated in manners diverse as the tastes of man. Primitive Christians were accustomed to gneet one another with the words, "Unrist is risen today," bowing to the response, "Christ is risen indeed."

By our forefathers it was continued till two weeks after the day when the

by our foreisthers it was continued till two weeks after the day when the "Hocktide" pageant was beld. This festival, in consequence of its riotous tendency, was suppressed by order of Queen Elizabeth.

"Lifting" or "heaving," "rope bind-ing" and "Easter eggs" are among the Easter customs alike in time and country. So universal was the first that even kings and queezs were not ex-empt from the humiliating conditions, and thousands of droll tales are extant of its effect upon grave dignitaries. Two other's wrists, and the person was heaved across and lifted or often carried a long distance till the desired ransom was paid. Young beaux bore along the roads charming white chairs floating in flow-ers and ribbons, whereon pretty lames were forced to sit, be lifted high as arms could reach and kissed freely on descent as ransom. Men were privileged to take

off women's shoes also.

The celebration of Scriptural plays and "mystery" games, archery and ball playing were favorite Easter anusements. Even women engaged in Easter "football" in those days of feminine restriction. The celebrated "Pepper-gate elopement" is the story of the pretty aghter of a certain mayor, who, while busy with the sport, was borne off by her lover, while the unwilling parentein-law were engaged in watch game at the other end of the field.

Even elergymen played ball with the people on Eastertide for tamey cakes and puddings. (Taney was largely used to signify the bitter berbs of the Paschal feast.) Bishops kicked Easter eggs over the commons with the boys and tossed the colored symbols among the choir youngsters in the church, after which bacon, which the Jews hated, was eaten. Clergymen also told funny stories in the pulpit to make the people laugh, to indi-cate the revival of merriment among

them.
In Paris Jews were stoned through the streets and finally one of their number captured, borne to a church and beaten "for the deeds of his ancestors." Moharamedans slew snimals in the streets, letting the blood flow through the gutters, in which men and women wailowed, working themselves into a perfect fronzy. In Ireland, among the better classes as well as the superstitions. it is the custom to rise betimes to see the "sun dance" (the shadow of the sun dancing in water).

Faith she donner such a way No sun on Easter day Is half so fine a eight.

In England the Easter holiday is second in interest to Christmas. Schools and universities close, work ceases, courts adjourn, parliament rises. In Switzerland bands of Tyroless musicians, with torches and guitars and flowers crowning their wide brimmel hats, traverse the country singing Easter carols, being rewarded by the tender courtesy of the villagers and the presentation of Paschal eggs bearing colored mottoes, landscapes, etc. In Japan the German Christmas costoms are followed. In all countries benevolence has been

more or less associated with Eastertide.
In Cheeter, England, exist the "Bread and Cheese lands," an endowment of sereral acres by two maiden ladies, twins, for the furnishing of previsions to the poor on Easter day, the image of the twins and momorial figures being inscribed on the cakes. In some parishes the clerk on Easter morn carries white cakes and hot cross burn as offerings to sechoids, to be reimbursed by a smul graduity. In one county yearly fairs are held, giving criminals free shelter for one month of probation.

Rome is the events or all Easter mag-nificance. A description of the postif-ical mass and pageantry, and the il-lumination of St. Peter's, would read like a royal fatty tale.

The draing and cracking of aggs has ever been universal. Even in Scotland, where pageantry is generally suppressed, born spand the day in bloking, throw-

ing, dyeing and eating the gayly hand

A pretty legend of the Easter our is In a tree near the tomb which was

chosen as the place where Christ should



VHENEON PRETTY LAMES WERE PORCES

se laid a beautiful bird built a nest like a mossen cup. Upon the day of the en-tombment it held four eggs of ivory white, upon which the bird with moth-erly faithfulness was sitting. Hearing the shuffling of feet and sounds of weeping in the narrow path beneath, startled, she hopped upon the edge of the nest, and peeping down saw the dear Lord in burial dress, with white, and face, and hands and feet cruelly pierced, whereupon she set forth a loud and piercing wail, and all night long crooned a grief song like the weeping of lonely wind among firelad hills. But when the moon had risen and a glittering angel came and rolled away the stone, and Christ came forth in living luster from the cave's gloom, then the heart of the bird was so filled with delight that she burst forth into a song of joy that like spears of fire mounted and soured and shot up even to the gates of heaven. The angel, hearing both songs, bless the sweet bird, saying that hereafter at Eastertide her eggs should be changed in hae to the most brilliant red and gold and blue to remind her of the Lord's recognition for her sweet sympathy.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.



Who cares for the Easter girl? Not L Him I would sing in these Easter lines Walking along where the glad sun shi Get on to his nibiets, will you please? There is no bag to his trouser knees; There is no bag to his trouser knees:
But his trousers! Oh, what a wondrous thin
For a painter's paint or a poet's sing!
His coat's not in it, nor his new silk hat,
Nor his nechtie red, nor his eyegiass flat,
Nor his degaldin gloves, nor his heavy cane,
Nor his patent leathers, nor high disdain!
Oh, nel Not these. Not by any chance,
But always, ever, his Easter pante!
Fale gray, mauve tint,
Old gold panta!
Soulful, rearning,
Restful panta!
Soulcised, just pressed,

Sunkissed, just pressed, Paid for (?) pants! woolly Easter pants! Will J. Lampros.



Briggs-Dien't you think the organ was unusually lend during the Easter

Grigge-Yes. I understand they hired the village milkman to pump it.

They Wanted Whiskers Once. How the pleasures of early menhood tre discounted in after years! Among the most conspicuous men in public life who are smooth shaven are Governor McKinley, Secretary of War Elkins, Judge Nathan H. Goff, Senator John G. Carlisle, Senator Arthur P. Gorman and Governor Horace Boies. Yet it is reasonably probable, as a wag recently anggested, that each of these distinguished gentlemen remembers to this day with what emotions of intense delight he noted the incipient growth of down on his upper lip, and how carefully he pursed the infaut hirsuites.

A Warld's Pair Pasture. Most persons have only a vague sore of an idea of what an Eskimo vil-

lage looks like, and therefore that fee ture of the World's fair is certain to be greatly enjoyed by the visitors. Seventyive natives of the frozen regions will occupy the village, and while the effort to depict life near the north pole will be attended with considerable difficulty in Chicago in summer, it is expected that the exhibition will give a very good general idea of the mode of life of the

A SHORT BERMON.

Berinbhed breddern and cisters, & subject on dischmis's discourse and also terminity, but de west case of aborton obber I heared of was dat of a man in Alabama. He tried ter pawn a cont of ter and fedders dat had been presented

ter him by his neighbors.

I has beered ob awadder case dot was not bad. A ghilo drunk obest a pigt

infant for a lamp.

Yes, breddarn and sisters, dar's a gennerman ob my orquaintance who am
aftered to buy a lead penceil, behase he
can't be puffectly shore dat de lead
reach clar fro it.

reach clar fro it.

Dar's a man libben in western Texas who Paris grouned his tater bugs to deff, and don he raked up dar carcam and tried 'em out oher a slow fire in order ter git de Paris green rates 'em ter sell it back ter de drug stoah.

De stingy man allers miserable. If he walks around he trimbles when he remembers dat he am wearin out his shoes. If he sits down he wares out his panta, and dat makes him wish he was dead.

Fashionable fullte am not all herry extravagant. If yer looks into a ballroom yer kin see for yerself dat de wimmen folks out things down gues as low as possible.

Some ob de rich men am as cl

Some ob de rich men am as close as de closest. I rend in a paper dat a faithful workman, engaged in some kind ob extra dangerous work, hurt his hand mighty hadly. When the doctor was tendin ter de hand de foremen came in a burry and says: "Sam, what time was it when yer got hurt! I wanter know when ter dock yer wages."

Man ain't de only stingy animile. Hit's true, man will run arter a dollar, but de dog will run arter a scent. Heah! At de same time I don't berleeve in a man been too generous, for de horn ob plenty will soon empty onless hit's corked wid erconemy.

Don't be stingy wid what don't cost

Don't be stingy wid what don't cost yer nuffin, sich as perliteness and good

When you am in de temple ob de Lawd yer should cast ande all stingi-cess. Don't be like dat feller when he is asked ter sing Ole Hundred churns off Ninety and Nine, bekase he wanted ter make 1 per cent anybow desc hard adwice.

Deacon Enodgrass will please pass de hat. Remember dat de Lawd lube a cheerful gibber.—Texas Siftings.

Bondy for the Fray.

A couple of seconds call on the offend-ing party: "You have deeply insulted our friend. He means to have it or a with you. However, he leaves you the choice of weapons, and wishes you to fix the time and the place."

"All right. Then we will fight with the Bois de Boulogne. And considering the state of the temperature, the op-ponents, as long as the fight iasts, shall be entitled to keep their hands in their pockets."—Journal Illustre.

Cholly—I say, Chappie, Bliggens says, you have insulted him. He's going to challenge you.

Chappie—Y-you don't thay so!

Cholly—Yes. You have the choice o, weapons, you know. What will they be?

Chappie (heroically) — Thiggaweta Washington Star.

Mr. Hankinson-Here are some chi olate creams, Johnny. Do you think Miss Irene will be down soon?

Johnny (after stowing them away securely)-Yee, sis 'll be down purty soon, I recken. I wish it was you, Mr. Hankinson, die was goin to marry instead of that stingy old Snagsford. - Chicago Tribune.

Medern Behemis. "Worse luck to it; here I've gone and taken a room, and new I perceive that

it ham't a fireplace." "Oh, that's simple enough. Come and warm yourself at my lodgings. All you have got to do is to send your coke here. That will anyhow save you the expense of a store."-Nouveiles a la Main.

"Baptiste!"
"Moneieur!"
"What's the time"

"Half past 2."
"Saperiote! Go quick and fetch a Train starts at 2.35." "A cab? But there won't be time?"
"Two cabs, then!"—Charivan.

"I like the bonnet very much. It is dimply a dream of beauty. But do you think it matches my complexion?"
"No, I don't think it does. But that needn't cause any trouble. You can easily fix your complexion to match U tonnet."—New York Press.

Longnecker-What does this bakery mark-"A. D. L"-mean? Mrs. Slimilet-Apple dumpling: what

fid you suppose? Longnecker-I didn't know but it had comething to do with the date of the nanufacture. Truth.



Jack-I say, does that thing sleep in a bed or in a stable?-Life.

Early Regimings. Judge (to witness)-Then you were resent at the beginning of the quarre tween the married couple at the bart Witness Certainly, your worship

that was three years ago.

